

On Nigga

Project Pat

As a youngsta guns-ah
what I specialize in
me and my dawgs selling dope on a rising
rising to gives we together in this hood life
struggling together straight praying for the good life
yo life means more to me then my own do
when you had some beef I went and shot on that whole crew
I do what I gotta do cuz I'm yo right hand
You's a-lot older then me I'm yo little man
Mane time fly's now we old to older
You done came up flippin pebbles to bolders
told ya that I'm down with you until the graveyard
me and you got caught with some work in the same car
you were facing more time then me if behind bars
I was seventeen and a half so I took the charge
you got larger heard now you own a crack house
I did two years and they let a nigga back out

Since you's a on nigga on nigga fuck which ya boy
knowing good and well I grew up which ya boy
you's a on nigga on nigga don't try to flauge
you gonna make a nigga like me catch a charge

Back out on the town and you riding in the jag clean
hit me with a pound then bought me a chevy thang
I could of saved in flew like the canary
you know I got heart and I know you very scary
carrying alot of weight put in plenty work
always was down for ya dawg did plenty dirt
looking like a jerk and ya living like a kingpin
that ain't showing love
I'm about to stick this tone inside ya fucking face
blow ya brains to the other side
38 dumb dumbs cut like a butter knife
but inside the walls you be soaking up game quick
fuck that gurellia shit trick I done got slick
remember ya kept ya dope backyard dawg house
over there hold gun lap
North Memphis momma house
looking for the cross that will come up from behind ya
muthafuck the laws cuz I'm taking what's mine-ah

Mom's went to church so I'm jumping over gate fast
You mane was outta town handling buisness
blew both rockwilders out they misery
you got it fist in good so they couldn't see
yea it's kind of obvious what I came for
herion and that white-dust ain't no shame boy
a real robber robs a trick and don't say a word
got'em for a pound of herion and bout eight birds
mouth slurred cuz a nigga blowing on some good shit
celebrating cuz a playa done made a phat lick
any trick do this to me hollow points fly
dead in the face right between muthafuckas eye
I be's the nigga busting if we in a brawl
I'm my niggas back up so who we call
me damn fool cuz he knowing that I buck'em

I can play it off cool but mane fuck'em